

M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

DUKE of *RUTLAND*.

A
M O N O D Y

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

DUKE of *RUTLAND*.

BY
JOHN MACAULAY, Esq;

Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut Modus
Tam chari capitis ?

HORACE.

D U B L I N:

Printed for the AUTHOR by W. SLEATER, No. 28, Dame-street;

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN FOSTER.

SIR,

THE active Part your Feelings induced you to take on the late melancholy Event, and the anxious Attention you have shewn to every Incident respecting the Obsequies of the late Duke of Rutland, point you out, no less than your splendid Abilities and distinguished Situation, as the proper Personage, under whose Protection the following Lines may venture to encounter the Public Eye. I have therefore presumed to place them
under

[vi]

under your Patronage ; and I shall
feel my Ambition highly gratified, if
they are honored, in any Degree,
with your Approbation.

I have the Honor to be,

With the greatest Respect,

Your EXCELLENCY'S

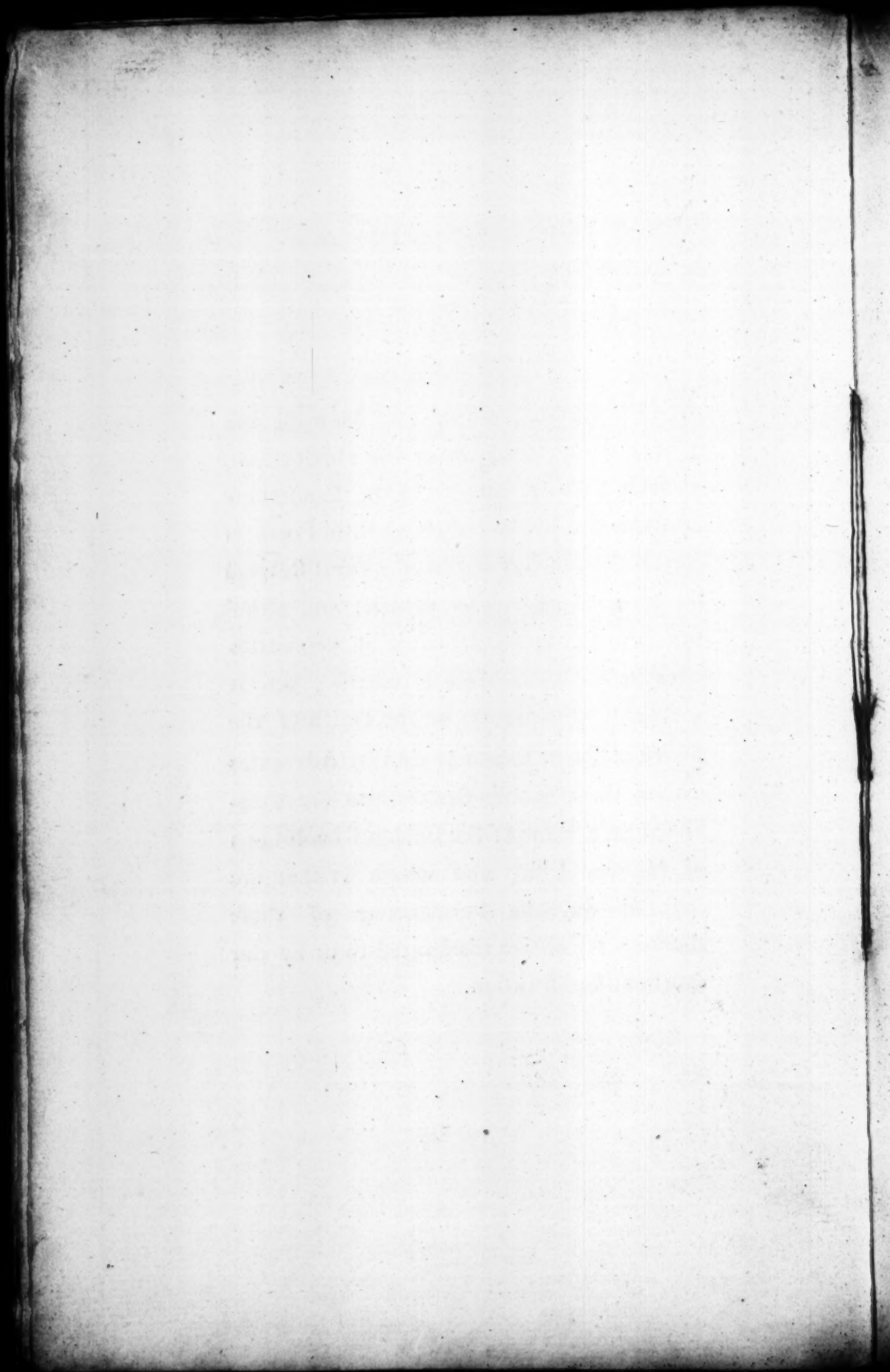
Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

John Macaulay.

DUBLIN, 27th Nov.
1787.

THE Productions of the Moment are generally the Effusions of the Heart; and, as such, they are entitled to the Tendernefs of Criticism. The following little Poem is intended as an Expression of general Refpect for *departed* and *absent* Worth: and altho' the Pen of Apology, while it deprecates Censure, cannot ensure Applause; yet, it is hoped, the *Monody* on the Death of the DUKE of RUTLAND may find its Advocates among those whose Sensibilities are awakened by a View of the sudden Revolutions of Human Life; and whose Wishes are engaged for the Permanency of those Blessings which are transmitted to us by our excellent Constitution.



A MONODY, &c.

HAIL, Child of Sorrow, whose untutor'd heart
Mourns with a grief beyond the reach of art;
Whose genuine tears, by Nature taught to flow,
Plead in the silent eloquence of woe!
If oft thy hallow'd foot hath lov'd to tread
The awful mansions of the valued dead,
'Till every ruder passion lull'd to rest,
Soft Grief has rais'd an altar in thy breast:
Approach!—And as thou view'st with trembling eye,
The scene where RUTLAND's sacred relics lie,
Pour, with the Muse, in sympathy sincere,
The costly tide of sorrow o'er his bier.

Insatiate Death! thy horrid purpose stay—
Ah! whither dost thou urge thy cruel way?

Must

Must thy strong hand, with undiscerning force,
Push frightened Nature from her destin'd course?
Youth, strength, and beauty, sink—O spare the blow!
'Tis o'er—and all is unavailing woe.

Should midnight gloom invest the noontide skies,
And snatch the fair creation from our eyes;
Would not the soul, o'erwhelm'd with awe, retreat,
And Reason start disorder'd from her seat?
So, if arrested in meridian height,
Life's splendid meteor sink in shades of night;
Nature, appall'd, arraigns the hard decree,
And mourns the lot of frail mortality.

O thou great work of symmetry divine,
In whose fair form thy Maker's glories shine,
Imperial manhood! whose erected mien
Bespeaks thee Lord of this Terrestrial Scene;
Whose active mind, unfetter'd by control,
Glances, in vast research, from pole to pole;
Come forth in all thy attributes of power,
And reign the mighty sovereign—of an hour:
Proclaim thy rank by sacred charter given,
And boast thine own Vicegerency to Heaven.

Yet

Yet RUTLAND lies—the generous and the bold!—
 Hear it, ye vain! Ye sons of earth, behold!
 In his firm breast Health had uprear'd her throne,
 And manly Vigor mark'd him for her own.
 Grandeur for him her richest mantle wove,
 And deck'd his temples with his Sovereign's love.—
 But ah! nor strength, nor grandeur, now can save
 The youthful victim from th' untimely grave.
 Med'cines in vain their balmy powers impart,
 Vain strove the masters of the healing art;
 Remorseless Death each tender care defy'd,
 And Nature felt the wound, when RUTLAND died.
 Died—as commission'd o'er a loyal land,
 The Sword of Puissance had not grac'd his hand;
 As tho' (each generous virtue deep imprest)
 The soul of GRANBY had not fir'd his breast:

Long to the Genius of Ierne dear,
 His much-lov'd name shall claim the grateful tear:
 Feeling shall stamp each genuine tribute paid,
 And Sorrow's dew embalm his sacred shade.

See

See, where yon solemn bands, a weeping train,
Measure, in pensive step, the silent plain.
Onward they move, majestically flow,
Deck'd in the sad habiliments of woe—
The pomp of death.—The veteran troops around,
In awful silence, eye th' unconscious ground.
Their arms, their pensive notes, their tears disclose
The fatal story of their heart-felt woes :
Swift through the ranks the soft effusions run,
And each brave warrior mourns for **GRANBY'S** Son.

But, whelm'd in woe, beyond the rest, appears
* A venerable form, dissolv'd in tears.
Deep grief sits heavy on his throbbing breast,
Heard in each sigh, in every look confest—
His inward woes no outward garb require,
He lov'd th' Offspring, as he lov'd the Sire.
For when at Honor's call, in youthful might,
The warlike **GRANBY** rush'd amidst the fight ;
His valiant breast the shaft of danger crost,
And sav'd the bulwark of the British host.

* A Swift, the confidential Servant of the late Duke of Rutland, and highly esteemed by the whole Family. His extreme grief, and looks of despair, were visible to every spectator.

Within his arms, as ebbing life retir'd,
 The Sire, the Grandfire, and the Son, expir'd.—
 Thou faithful mourner, o'er thy master's hearse,
 Accept the genuine tribute of a verse!
 May thy just fame, immortaliz'd in rhyme,
 Live in the annals of recording Time,
 And kindred souls, in every clime, approve
 Thy fair example of domestic love!

But ah! what sounds sad Fancy's ear assail,
 Borne on the pinions of the Eastern gale?
 Yon shriek of madd'ning sorrow!—hark!—'tis past;
 And sinks in sighs upon the fullen blast.
 Afflicted Fair-one! lovely Mourner, rest;
 And calm the anguish of thy throbbing breast!
 Death kills not all—Thy RUTLAND's dearer part,
 His fame, his virtues, live in every heart;
 His wafted spirit seeks its blest abode,
 Rich in the boundless mercies of his God.
 Cease, lovely Fair; afflicted Mourner, cease:
 The voice of virtue is the voice of peace.

And thou, mild form, in whom united blend
 The virtuous Statesman, and the tender Friend,

Lament

Lament thy much-loved RUTLAND—'tis his due :
 For hadst thou died, his tears had flow'd for you.
 Mourn, but sink not ; lest the chill blasts of woe
 Wither the flowers of virtue as they blow :
 Lest pale disease consume thy gentle frame,
 And, with thy honor'd friend, entomb thy name ;
 Ordain'd to pour, by Fate's severe command,
 A second tide of sorrow o'er the land —

Ingenuous ORDE ! For thee, in classic bowers,
 The Muses weave their amaranthine flowers.
 To thee a grateful nation long shall give
 A praise thy modest virtue may receive.
 For thou did'st chase the mental clouds away ;
 And pluck the thorn from Learning's devious way :
 Thy hand unlocking, with judicious skill,
 The springs of Knowledge on her sacred hill ;
 Well pleas'd to see the generous current flow,
 In rich profusion o'er the plains below.

Nor thou, great ALMA, Wisdom's highest boast !
 Bulwark of Science ! in thyself an host !
 Whose equal claims the sister-realms approve,
 And greet thy offspring with a parent's love ;

Frown

Frown not, if in the unfrequented glade,
 Fair Learning rear her academic shade :
 For thou, in rank supreme, must still maintain
 The feudal homage of thy classic reign.
 Tho', midst the various growths of forest-birth,
 Full many a stem springs from its parent earth,
 While in the breeze its waving honors play,
 In shining foliage to the burnish'd day ;
 Yet, high o'er all, the tow'ring oak uprears
 Its venerable head, the growth of years ;
 And spreads, as round its verdant honors grow,
 In wide luxuriance o'er the woods below.

Ye generous minds, Creation's noblest part,
 Who boast Heaven's choicest gift, a feeling heart ;
 Whom Pity leads to strew, in love sincere,
 The flowers of sorrow o'er your RUTLAND's bier,
 Indulge your gentle woes.—The burst of grief,
 Warm from the heart, suggests its own relief.
 Bright are the tears that dim Affection's eye,
 And sweet the fragrance of a grateful sigh.
 But while ye give your pious sorrows scope,
 Grieve not as those who grieve without a hope.

Behold

Behold a PATRIOT comes to calm each sigh,
 And wipe the tears of sadness from each eye :
 To raise each pile, by generous zeal begun,
 The glorious plans of CHATHAM's glorious Son.
 In BUCKINGHAM your much-lov'd TEMPLE see,
 Who claims a Briton's birthright to be FREE.
 Corruption sinks beneath his lifted rod,
 And keen Investigation waits his nod.
 Hail him, IERNE, on thy favor'd strand,
 And bid the voice of Gladness cheer thy land.
 HE shall uprear thy fame on Virtue's ground,
 And fix thy place amidst the Nations round ;
 His active soul pervading in its force,
 The springs of PUBLIC WELFARE to their source :
 While Commerce, guarded by thy warlike train,
 Wafts thy full produce through the yielding main ;
 And in thy ample bosom plenteous pours
 The splendid treasures of a thousand shores.

T H E E N D.